

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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RICHARD COBDEN.

A LIFE LESSON.

ARISTIDES, called "THE JUST," an incorruptible and able statesman of Greece, one of the most humble and best of men, being present one day at the theatre, the actor came to a part of the play in which these words occur:

"To be and not to seem is this man's action :
His mind reposes on its conscious worth,
And wants no other praise."

All eyes in an instant and insensibly fell on the statesman, the compliment of his nation's heart. Not less does the heart of our whole nation now regard Mr. COBDEN as one of the best statesmen, incorruptible, industrious, and having more than a glimpse of every virtue which makes the world's most exalted and worthiest men. The study of his life and veneration for his character cannot fail to do us good. Born in obscurity, his name became a household word and the synonym of honesty and goodwill. He is a striking example of what integrity and industry may achieve in our own land. First a farmer boy, then a warehouse youth, a commercial traveller, a large employer, then the apostle of freedom, and the trusted and most successful statesman of our country. He owed his position and fame from the exercise of the powers with which God had endowed him, and from no other cause. These alone were the patents of his nobility. He was a bright ornament and faithful servant of the public good; manly, gentle and courteous; who sought the diffusion of truth and political justice, and shall not soon be forgotten.

He is known to the most of men as the GREAT FREE TRADER. He was the very Samson of our times, that bore away the prison-gates of trade with foreign nations so triumphantly. The effort at first

was treated as his madness, but is now regarded as our chiefest wisdom and his crown of glory. Let none of us, therefore, accept at any time the stigma of reproach, the epithet of scorn, as an argument against the success of truth and justice. His views were broad and lofty, opposed to all that was selfish and narrow, personal and local merely. The fear of ruin based upon those false principles and policies of protection is a delusion he has completely exposed. In private life, as in public affairs, some men think they must rise on the spoil and ruin of others. They are short-sighted and foolish men. Mr. Cobden has shewn that the public good in the end is our private good. There are some men patriots at the expense of philanthropy. Cobden has shewn that philanthropy is the best kind of patriotism. The world at large is blessed by such a life as his. He flung suspicion and fear of other nations away from him as a pernicious thing. His policy was that of universal generosity, his aims the good of all mankind. His political creed was the embodiment of the Christian religion, and the perfect recognition of his doctrine would obliterate the name foreigner and the feeling of alien from the world. No senate-house of the Eastern or Western continent would speak of Cobden as a foreigner: though never seen in person, they would recognize in him a man of themselves, his interests and theirs as one. No religious assembly speaks of Christ or Paul or David as foreigners. We feel as if they were purely English and of us, though they belonged to a very distant country and a bygone time. So much does communion and sympathy obliterate those feelings. No musician thinks of Haydn or Handel as foreigners. Poets over all the earth regard our Milton, Shakespeare and

Burns as their own countrymen. And a greater freedom of trade, commerce, sentiment, law, philosophy, poetry and song, would so cement us and make us one, that war and hateful strife and cold and unkind names would disappear. He sought with pre-eminent success to throw down the partitions, the artificial barriers, that separate us from other nations, and to blend all our sympathies and interests in one; thus to make peace on earth and goodwill among men. Every social position had in him the best philosophy for lessening the gulf that separates classes, and every nation had in him the best exposition of that Christian charity which linketh nations. His name and influence will be long felt in the House of Commons. All parties have done him honour. The Premier and leader of the Whigs, Lord Palmerston, said: "His ambition was to be useful to his country, and that ambition was amply gratified. When this present Government was formed, I was authorized graciously by her Majesty to offer Mr. Cobden a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Cobden declined, and in doing so he frankly told me that he thought he and I differed greatly upon many important questions of political action, and he therefore thought it would not be comfortable either to himself or myself to join the Administration of which I was the head. I think he was wrong; but I will say that no man, however strongly he may have differed from Mr. Cobden upon general political principles or the application of those principles, could have come into communication with him without carrying away the strongest personal esteem and regard for the man with whom he differed. Mr. Cobden's name will be for ever associated with and engraved on the most interesting pages of the history of this country, and I am sure that there is not a man in this House who does not feel this day the deepest regret that the House has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of her most useful servants." Disraeli, the leader of the Tory party, said: "I believe that when the verdict of posterity shall be recorded upon his life and conduct, it will be said of him that, looking to his expressions and his deeds, he was without doubt the greatest political cha-

racter that the pure middle class of this country has as yet produced; that he was an ornament to the House of Commons, and an honour to England." And then the leader of the Radicals, Mr. Bright, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "Sir, I feel that I cannot address the House on this occasion; but every expression of sympathy which I have witnessed has been most grateful to my heart. But the time which has elapsed since I was present when the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever quitted or tenanted a human form departed this life is so short, that I dare not even attempt to give utterance to the feelings by which I am oppressed. I shall leave to some calmer moment, when I may have an opportunity of speaking before some portion of my countrymen, the exposition of the lesson which I think may be learned from the life and character of my friend. I have only to say that after twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

He was not only the Apostle of Free-trade, but the constant advocate of free institutions, of free education and a free religion. Equal-handed justice in all things to all men was the spirit that guided him. He was the opponent of war, of foreign intervention by the sword, of secret diplomacy and extravagance in the state. There is perfect unity of character in his life, and an entire consistency in his public and private career. He knew the people, and said they could and should be trusted with more political freedom. Education was not only a condition, but a result as well, of greater freedom and responsibility. The money employed in expensive armaments appeared to him a sinful and wasteful use of it. He always aimed to soothe and reason down our fears and alarms about foreign invasions. His French treaty was dictated by no less a love of peace than that of commerce. He had shewn the dreadful consequences of intervention by the sword in the affairs of France at the beginning of the present century, and helped to save us from a similar folly last year. He has reversed our policy in this particular of intervention and blood.

He was the able supporter of those measures which lessen the cost of our daily literature. The stamp and paper duty he assailed, and by the aid of the present Government we have cheap and useful literature. He was the constant advocate of a free and liberal education. He knew that

"Ignorance was the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven;"

and at his own home and among the poor he aided them and their children to a better education.

His victories were won by moral means, as all great victories that bless mankind are. No fields of blood have marked his progress—no groans of dying men, no sigh or widow's tears. His means were peaceful. Rich fields of corn have been added to the harvestmen of nations by his policy, and the blessings of social life multiplied directly by his mission. Peace has lost in him a promoter, and progress an endeared child. Truth was his chosen weapon: his sincerity of mind, clearness of thought and deep earnestness, won him a successful attention. He had an unconquerable will to make truth triumph by the force of its own power, and to enshrine political justice and commercial righteousness in the hearts and institutions of our nation.

He was a great statesman and a sound political economist. You have heard that great honour and emoluments at the hands of the Queen were offered to him. He might have been a member of her Majesty's Cabinet. He might have enjoyed a munificent donation from the Crown. He might have had a large salary for a Crown office. Place and pension he did not seek after. He was afraid that by touching those things with his hand he should stain his heart. Although it was told him it was not essential to honourable place and lucrative position that he should assent to all that went on, he was afraid that custom to extravagance and wrong would lessen his aversion to it. The nature of the strongest of us is weak, and placing ourselves in the way of temptation, or submitting to be led into it, is the one chief error of our lives.

"Men oft prove devils to themselves,
Tempting the frailty of their power."

There was much that Cobden disliked in the extravagance of the state and the way of conducting public affairs which he could not give his assent to. He has transcendently shewn in his political career how even a political life, which is full of temptation, which in some men is full to the brim of intrigue, strategy and cunning, which is only used by some for self-aggrandizement and the transient honours of state—how he despised those honours, compared with the general good and usefulness at which he continually aimed!—he has shewn how in a political life it can be grandly sanctified by doing good; that all selfish interests in the breasts of some men can be subdued; that all ambition but the ambition to do good can be held in perfect check; that the office of greatest usefulness can be esteemed by some men the choicest preferment of their lives. What a useful lesson this is in a statesman to Christian ministers and the Christian church! We are often painfully impressed with the fact at the present time, that the honourable positions and large salaries in the ecclesiastical establishment of our nation offer an irresistible temptation to men to assume those functions, to perform those ceremonies, to profess those creeds and sign those articles of religion, which their moral nature and their intelligence revolt against. What a sad and lamentable contrast do such hucksters make with this honest man!

In the Book of Samuel there is a fine and striking example of a great patriot and disinterested statesman in the Jewish commonwealth, just at the time when it passed from its republican to its monarchical form,—Samuel, the last of the presidents who flourished 3000 years ago. In willingly laying down his seals of office when the people desired a king, he said, "I am old and grey-headed, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Here I am: witness against me before the Lord and his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes? And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, nor taken any gift." The Hebrews can boast of statesmen like

Samuel, the Greeks of men like Aristides, Americans of men like Washington and Lincoln, and England of men like Alfred, Cromwell and Cobden,—statesmen who lived in the interests of their nation—incorrupt, who received no man's bribe—diligent, zealous and self-sacrificing—inflexible in integrity—men who did not seek to dazzle and delude by false grandeur, but were content with small means and a humble name, to bless the present, and leave to posterity better laws, freer institutions, and the heritage of a good name.

There are several traits of Cobden's mind and life worthy of our admiration and constant effort to follow. There was in his language "truth's simplicity." His logic was clear and forcible, his statement of facts was thoroughly accurate. His exposition of his views was level to every mind. In his eloquence he was the incarnation of common sense; his language was the reflection of his inmost thoughts. You could see and feel and understand him at once. There was no effort after dramatic effect. He gathered up the convictions of his soul, and laid them down at your feet with nothing but natural feeling.

In a dispute which took place some years ago among learned men concerning a treatise, whether it had emanated from the pen of Aristotle or not, one author pronounced a negative, and the following was his principal argument: "The treatise in question offers nowhere that majestic obscurity which in the other works of Aristotle repels the ignorant." "In my opinion," says another writer, "obscurity can never be a legitimate subject of eulogy. Clearness is the politeness of those that speak in public." Surely he illustrated the politeness of a public speaker. Who ever rivalled in force or argument the great passage in which is exposed the injustice of the Corn-laws? "Suppose," he said, "that it were the Thames instead of the Atlantic which separated countries. Suppose that the people on one side were mechanics and artisans capable by their industry of producing a vast supply of manufactures, and that the people on the other side were agriculturalists producing infinitely more than they could themselves consume of corn, pork and beef. Fancy these two

separate peoples anxious and willing to exchange with each other the produce of their common industry. And fancy a demon rising from the middle of the river (for I cannot imagine anything human in such a position and performing such an office)—fancy a demon arising from the river and holding in his hand an Act of Parliament (if you please), and saying, You shall not supply each other's wants. And then, in addition to that, let it be supposed that this demon said to his victims with affected smiles and laughing, This is for your benefit; I do this entirely for your protection. Where was the difference between the Thames and the Atlantic? Steam navigation had laid the great Western continent of America alongside of England, and we should be setting at naught the beneficent designs of Providence by denying the one the right of benefiting the other."

He had no ambition to repel the ignorant; his great aim was to attract and instruct the ignorant. He felt the greatness of our empire depended upon the elevation and usefulness and happiness of the mass of our people. He was the working man's friend. He laboured that the poor might be made comfortable, intelligent, virtuous, free and happy. One who knew him at his home says, "He took a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the poor people in the neighbourhood. Occasionally, when his health admitted, he would call upon them; and he was constantly inquiring about them individually in his house. Many of these poor persons have, at various times, been objects of his generous and discriminating bounty—all regarded him as a friend to whom they could with confidence appeal in the hour of need. He took a deep personal interest in the establishment of a school, and was extremely anxious to establish penny readings for the benefit of the villagers, and to get lecturers from a distance who would talk to them on improving subjects." He is principally known to us in his public life. In it his reputation has gained a moral magnificence by the magnitude of its usefulness and its transparent single-mindedness. In his private life he was genial and loving. Courtesy, gentleness, modesty and natural refinement, distinguished him.

Richard Cobden was a practical example

of the chiefest virtue of the Christian religion — *self-sacrifice*. He abandoned a lucrative business to serve the interests of his fellow-men. He never shrank from duty because obloquy or misrepresentation or difficulties might encompass his path. He cared little for fame, admiration, wealth or ease. He was modest in the extreme. He thought of himself and his personal interests least of all. He was the friend of every man, and the ready servant of every good cause, esteeming nothing useful a trouble. Cobden was what may be called a practically religious man. One of his friends says that "he had heard him say you had no hold of a man that was not religious, who had no religious faith." And another of his friends testifies that he spoke of a man's religion being "the *pith* of the man." He was not a man of much profession, but of constant religious practice. His religion was of the stamp of the Bible. He did justice, sought its triumph in every branch of social, political and commercial life. He loved mercy. Kindness, more than creed, was the rule of his thought. He walked humbly with his God. We recollect of him saying that the world had no reason to fear the wide spread of infidelity. It could not spread widely; it had not spread widely. His piety was without show or affectation, and his religion was the practical exposition of every-day life.

Some men call all this practical goodness and unaffected piety and absence of profession "no religion." They want to know when a man was born again—when he first experienced religion—where he was converted—what were his articles of faith and his forms and ceremonies. We have only to add, we are not all born into the service of God by sensational feelings. We are sure the love of God and the love of man are spoken of as the evidence of true religion by the first Christian teachers and by the great Master. We may have no fear of the future of one whose life was that of a humble, loving and faithful man, a great philanthropist, a true patriot, an incorruptible statesman, an unassuming benefactor, a pure spirit, a gentle father, a kind husband, and a good neighbour. Such were the virtues of Cobden, continually aiming to confer the greatest amount of happiness on the greatest number of people of every land.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years;
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.
 The west winds blow, and singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.
 No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.
 I plow no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.
 I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
 The angel sought so far away,
 I welcome at my door.
 The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn:
 Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
 And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given.
 The woods shall wear their robe of praise,
 The south wind softly sigh,
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.
 Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong;
 The graven flowers that wreath the sword
 Make not the blade less strong.
 But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
 To build as to destroy;
 Nor less my heart for others feel,
 That I the more enjoy.
 All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my deeds
 Than all my prayers have told.
 Enough, that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track,—
 That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back.
 That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens unto light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trouble seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.—*John G. Whittier.*

TALKING TO CHILDREN IN SABBATH SCHOOL.

ALWAYS use the simplest, plainest words—monosyllables, if possible.

Never speak without, like the archer, having a distinct object in view.

Allow no side issues to divert you from the object. In your attempt to capture three rabbits, by running first after one, then after the second, and still after the third, you lose them all.

Never tell a story because of its having a laugh in it; and,

Do not talk for a long while, and then ask a vote for five minutes more. Children are too polite to refuse you, though your talk may greatly bore them.

Use enough of legitimate illustration or anecdote to hold the attention of the children, but be very careful it is appropriate, and has sense in it.

Watch the tones of your voice. Boys can see as quickly as an elocutionist when you have gone from the natural to the false, the falsetto, or the declamatory; that is to say, they know when you are "speaking your piece," and they will at once say to themselves, "I can speak better than that myself." Then it is time for you to sit down.

Never ask children for their attention, nor allow anybody else to ask it for you; for if you do, ten to one the children are not at fault, but yourself. Say something to rivet attention, or stop.

If you fail now and then, take it as evidence that you are successful in the majority of cases, and cheer up, and go ahead. Not even a bishop or statesman is always successful.—*Exchange.*

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

"If you please, sir, to give us some flowers to hang in the school!" said a band of little girls and boys, looking half shy, and pushing one another on to speak.

Now the gentleman they asked was in his garden, talking to his children about the pretty things that grew there. They could see him through the gate in the laurel hedge just below where he was.

"And what do you want?" he asked, good-naturedly; "surely you can find enough in the fields."

Then they laughed and looked at one another, and didn't answer.

"Can you tell me the names of all you have in your aprons?" he said, for he saw they had been gathering many.

"These are cowslips, sir," said one. "And these are cuckoos, sir," said another. And one shewed dog-violets; another, campions; another, marsh-marigold; another, celandines.

"There are none in my garden that are prettier, though they are of brighter colours, and larger," said the gentleman. "Don't you love the flowers of the field?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir—yes, sir!" said all the little voices.

"Do you know who made them, and gave them to you?"

"God made them all, sir," said a little girl; "I learnt it in a hymn, sir:

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings."

"And what did He make them for?" asked the gentleman.

But the children could not tell; they had not learnt it exactly in any hymn, and they had never thought about it.

Now little Dick Forster, seeing the cowslips, thought he knew; so pushing before the others, he said, "To make cowslip balls, please, sir."

But his sister Sally pulled him back and said, "Please, sir, to make cowslip wine."

Then Jane Harman, seeing the gentleman smile, said, "Please, sir, to make daisy chains."

"Please, sir, isn't it for the bees to make honey from?" asked the eldest of them, who looked more thoughtful than the rest.

"Now, my little children," said the gentleman, "you have told me two parts of the truth; first, that God made them to be pleasures to us; and second, that He made them to be useful to us; the bee can gather his honey, and medicine can be made from the flowers of the field; but they are something more than pleasant and useful. Can any one say what I mean?"

No; no one could.

"Why, then, all these little flowers are preachers! They tell us our duty."

The children were greatly surprised; they looked at one another in silence, and Dicky laughed behind Sally's back, for he thought it was so funny to call flowers preachers.

But the gentleman took up a violet, and shewed them how it grew in the shade, and hid itself under its leaves, to teach us humility. Then he shewed them how the daisy always looked straight upward, with its little face to the sky, teaching us that we should ever be looking up to Him from whom all our happiness comes.

"And see," he said, "how kindly they all grow together one by another, without strife or envy, and how they are without sorrow or care, examples to you of gentleness and contentment. Can any of you tell me of a sermon that Christ preached about them?"

Then the thoughtful child said directly, "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

How pleased the good gentleman was! He opened the gate and had them all into the garden, and gave them many pretty flowers; and when his kind wife heard that they were preparing for a holiday treat, she brought them some gay ribbons, and shewed them how to tie the flowers into garlands. Often after that they would say to one another, as they played in the fields, "What does this flower teach us?"

How many thousands of children in large towns there are who never saw a daisy! Those who can rejoice in the fields may profitably remember the words of a poor old woman in London who kept a strawberry-plant in a broken tea-pot on her window-sill at the top of the house. When asked why she took so

much care of it, she replied, "Well, sir, I'm very poor, too poor to keep any living creature; but it's a comfort to have that living plant; for I know that it can only live by the power of God; and as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

BISHOP COLENZO.

THE NINE ARTICLES OF ACCUSATION AGAINST HIM.

THE highest court of our nation has refused to take any action in the case of Colenso, further than to say the court that condemned him for heresy has no jurisdiction. This has caused considerable excitement, as he remains therefore a Bishop of the Church of England still. In the midst of all this Colenso noise, very few, we fear, have been led to examine or to ask what are the distinct and separate charges preferred by the Church against him. We place them on record in the order in which they stand, and our readers may judge whether or not any Christian Bishop ought to suffer deprivation for them, supposing them all to be proved.

The first charge is, that Colenso maintains "that Jesus Christ did not die in man's stead, or bear the punishment or penalty of our sins, and that God is not reconciled to us by the death of his Son." The passages cited from his works state, "Once for all, let it be stated distinctly there is not a single passage in the whole of the New Testament which supports the dogma of modern theology, that our Lord died for our sins, in the sense of dying instead of us, dying in our place, or dying so as to bear the punishment or penalty of our sins."—"We were reconciled to God by the death of His Son. The language of St. Paul is, 'God hath reconciled us to Himself by the death of His Son.' 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.' It is not He who needs to be reconciled to us; for he loves us all along. It is we, poor, sin-stricken creatures, who need to be reconciled, brought back to Him. And in order to this, as the first step to this, we need to be assured of His love to us."—"Let the expression, however, once more be noted. The Apostle does not say that God is reconciled to us by the death of His Son, but that we are reconciled to

God. The difference in the meaning of these two expressions is infinite. It is our unwillingness, fear, distrust, that is taken away by the revelation of God's love to us in His Son. There is nothing now to prevent our going, with the prodigal of old, and throwing ourselves at His feet, and saying, 'Father, I have sinned; but Thou art love.' — "He died not instead of us: but He died for us, on our behalf."

There is one remarkable passage of Bishop Gray in delivering sentence on this article; it is this: "That which has led the Bishop into his grave error is, that he has dwelt exclusively upon God's most gracious attribute of love. He has refused to look at his sterner attribute of justice; 'God is love,' has been his one thought, and from that he has drawn out a system which is at variance with the scheme of our redemption, as taught by the Church out of God's most holy Word."

The second article of accusation is, "a difference from the Church on justification by faith."—But really the Church and the Bishop that differs from it are both very confused on this doctrine; so this charge was not proved against Colenso. The Bishop seems to teach that all mankind are now to be regarded, from their very birth hour, as just before God. In former times the Jews were so regarded, but now, since the coming of Christ, all nations are so regarded, whether Christian or not. We are *all* dealt with by a loving God, who from our birth hour makes no charge of sinfulness against us for anything done by our forefathers. This is the opinion of the Bishop, and very rational and scriptural we think it is.

The third charge against him is, "his denial of the efficacy of the special grace communicated by the sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."—His views are similar to all Dissenters on this particular, but opposed to the Puseyite section of the Church, the baptismal and sacramental regeneration party.

The fourth charge is the denial of endless punishment, and the hope of universal restoration, held by the Bishop. The words quoted against him are the following: "That the creature also itself shall be set free from the bondage of corruption, into the freedom of the glory of

the children of God. I cannot shut my eyes to the truth, which these words appear so clearly to imply, that there is hope in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom and Love for all; for all 'the creature,' for the whole human race, that fell in Adam and has been graciously redeemed in Christ. The children of God, the faithful and true of all ages, all lands, all religions, will be revealed, will receive their glorious freedom in the kingdom of their Lord. While others, perhaps the great mass of human kind, who have been wilfully unfaithful, in greater or less degree, to the light vouchsafed to them, and are still willingly held in the bondage of corruption, though they might have asserted their freedom from it, and lived as good men and true, with the grace vouchsafed to them, will receive their righteous judgment unto condemnation,—indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that worketh out evil. But this chastisement, after all, comes from a Father's hand upon those who may be wilful, prodigal, unruly, disobedient, but yet are creatures whom He Himself has redeemed, for whom Christ died. Can we say, with those words of St. Paul before us, that such chastisement, however severe, may not be remedial, may not be intended to work out the hope under which the whole race has been subjected to vanity, which hope, in the Apostle's mind, is the justification of the eternal justice and love, in so subjecting it when it had not deserved such a fate, nor brought it about of its own accord by any act of its own? Is there not ground from this text, as well as others, for trusting that, in some way unknown to us, the whole race shall be made to share this hope at last, and so be set free from the bondage of corruption, into the freedom of the glory of the children of God?"

The fifth charge is, the Bishop denies that the whole Bible may be regarded as the "Word of God," but concedes it contains the word of God. "The Bible is not itself 'God's word,' but assuredly 'God's word' will be heard in the Bible, by all who will humbly and devoutly listen for it."

In the sixth charge, the Bishop is accused of loose views on inspiration. We may say for Colenso, he has distinctly avowed his belief in inspiration, but it

appears the doctrine of plenary inspiration he plainly denies. Speaking of the Bible, he says: "We must regard it, then, as the work of men, of fellow-men like ourselves, fighting the same good fight on the side of God and His truth, against all manner of falsehood and evil, though fighting in their own primitive way, and without the light of that Christian teaching which shines upon our warfare of to-day, and makes many things plain and clear to our eyes which to them were still dark and uncertain."—"But then, on the other hand, we must study the Bible with the *heart* as well as with the mind. The Bible is not itself 'God's word,' but assuredly 'God's word' will be heard in the Bible by all who will humbly and devoutly listen for it. Undoubtedly, it is a fact which can never be lost sight of by thoughtful men, that the Jewish nation has been singled out, by the express will of God, from all other nations for this great end, to be the instrument by which His more clear and full revelations of Himself should be in the earliest days conveyed to mankind, and thus be the special messenger of His grace and goodness to all the ends of the earth."

In the seventh charge he is accused of denying the names appended to some books as written by those authors, and the genuineness and truthfulness of some statements in the Bible. He says, "The one only cause, indeed, for astonishment is this—not that a Bishop of the Church of England should now be stating that impossibility—but that it should be stated now by a Bishop of the Church, as far as I am aware, for the first time; that such a belief should have been so long acquiesced in by multitudes, both of the clergy and the laity, with an unquestioning, unreasoning faith; that up to this very hour, in this enlightened age of free thought, in this highly civilized land, so many persons of liberal education actually still receive this story in all its details—at least, in all its main details—as historical matter of fact, and insist on the paramount duty of believing in the account of the Exodus, among the 'things necessary to salvation,' contained in the Bible, as essential to an orthodox faith in the True and Living God."

The eighth article charges Colenso

with denying that Jesus Christ is both God and man at the same time. The Bishop admits what he calls the Divinity of Christ, but affirms that while he was on earth it was quite possible he was not acquainted with every literary fact concerning the authorship of the Old Testament.—It is very evident, we see, that Christ did not possess all knowledge on every subject, for touching the day of judgment he said, "No one knew, not the angels of God, nor the Son, but the Father only." If the Bishop still retains his belief that Christ was God, we marvel very much that he denies him to be perfect God as well as perfect man while on earth. We think Colenso's faith on this particular doctrine shaken.

The ninth article of accusation is, that the Bishop impugns the Prayer-book, and denies the accuracy of every statement and the wisdom of all its forms. The Bishop regards the Prayer-book as a great barrier to usefulness. We do not deny but that much of it is beautiful and Christian, but other parts are anything but this; yet a Bishop must give his assent and consent to the whole. He says:—"At the time when we were admitted into her ministry, we heartily believed what we then professed to believe, and we gave our assent and consent to every part of her Liturgy. But we did not bind ourselves to believe thus always to the end of our lives. God forbid that it should be supposed by any that the Church of England had committed so great a sin as to bind in this way, for all future time, the very consciences of her clergy."

We believe that the charges against Bishop Colenso have been fully proved, and we do not think it just or honourable for men to retain their positions after they have so completely renounced their former doctrines. We like faithful men in the search after truth, nor do we the less, but the more, esteem the man who has discovered truth and instantly makes the sacrifice the truth demands. Reformation of religion would have presented a pitiable page of history if it had been conducted by men like Colenso. We honour his truthful and fearless inquiry, but we turn away with dislike from his holding on to a Church the doctrines of which he emphatically eschews.

MORE THAN WE WANT, AND ALL FOR NOTHING.

"So you won't give me anything!"

"You needn't have put it in that way; I've got nothing to give," said Allan Barrow. "Nobody gives to me. I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks; you should go to them, as you may say, that gets plenty for nothing, and have more than they want."

And old Allan Barrow leaned both his elbows on his garden fence, and turned away from the person he spoke to.

The person he spoke to was a gray-headed man, in workman's clothes. He carried a little book in one hand, and in the other held a pencil, ready to write.

"You have told me of two sorts of people," said Silas Pyne, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want."

"Very likely," said Allan; "but there's some of both in the world, for all that. I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want."

Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What d'ye shake your head at?" asked Allan, gruffly.

"Why, at the mistake you are in, friend," answered Silas, "in thinking you pay for everything."

"Make it out that it's a mistake, and I'll give you leave to put me down five shillings in your book," said Allan.

"Thank you," said Silas; "but before I begin to do it, will you just give me a draught from your well? It's the best water anywhere about."

"That it is," answered Allan, readily getting a cup for him; "and it's a prime thing for me, that can't drink much of anything else."

"Ay; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep draught, "when you come to think how it comes into all the things that keep life together?"

"Oh, it's wonderful useful!" replied Allan; "may be the most useful thing in life."

"As to that," said Silas, "we couldn't live in it, though we couldn't live well without it. Air, good fresh air, is the thing we couldn't by any means do without."

"And for that," said Allan, "you'll

never have finer than this as blows over the common. I take it, it's worth ten years of life to be in a good air."

"You are right there," said Silas, "and I should say you're a proof of it; you look as firm as a rock and as red as a rose."

"Not amiss," said Allan; "never knew much about sickness."

"And yet you've lived many years," said Silas.

"Just up to my threescore and ten," answered Allan, nodding.

Silas began to write in his book.

"What are you putting down?" asked Allan.

"Your name for five shillings," said Silas: "didn't you say that I should have it if I could prove that you had things more than you want that you neither work for nor pay for?"

"Yes; but you've never begun to do that yet," said Allan.

"What, do you pay for air?" asked Silas.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Allan.

"For water?" said Silas.

"Pooh!" said Allan again.

"For health, and having been brought through threescore years and ten?" continued Silas.

"Oh, as to *them*—of course we never count up the things that God gives us," said Allan; "I wasn't thinking of them."

"No, friend; few people do think of them," said Silas. "The best blessings—I mean of those belonging to this life—are such as cannot be bought with silver or gold; and they are freely given to the rich and poor without any difference—yes, and more than they want—and are taken as matters of course, without any praise or thanks to the Giver. Come, now I have shewn you that you don't pay for the things that you couldn't live without, and I could tell you of many more—can't you find in your heart to give something to give poor sinners, young and old, a knowledge of the better blessings of salvation through Jesus Christ? Surely such a thank-offering would be but becoming."

"Well," said Allan, putting his hand in his pocket, "I'm not against giving you a trifle, but I didn't know you was going to talk that way when I said about the five shillings."

"Name your own sum," said Silas. "Give what you will, it must be trifling, looking at what you have received. I've told you of four blessings that the Bank couldn't buy; aren't they worth a shilling apiece?"

Old Allan smiled, and taking out two half-crowns—"Well, and there's a fifth that's worth another; and that's a friend that is faithful to mind one of one's duty; so you needn't scratch out my name—here's the five shillings."

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."—John xiii. 34.

ONE Saturday evening a beggar appeared at the parsonage of John Rutherford, in the quiet village of Anworth, Scotland, and asked for a lodging. The minister's good wife with Christian hospitality bade him welcome, and invited him to a warm place beside the kitchen fire, while she, according to her Saturday evening custom, catechized her servants.

Observing the beggar to be very attentive, the lady thought she would put a question to him also. So she asked,

"My friend, can you tell me how many commandments there are?"

"Eleven," replied the stranger, unhesitatingly.

"Eleven!" exclaimed Mrs. Rutherford, shocked at his ignorance. So she gave him his supper, and dismissed him to his attic bed.

On inquiring for the beggar in the morning, Mrs. Rutherford was told by a servant that he went away quite early. Shortly after a man arrived who was introduced at breakfast by Mr. Rutherford as the minister who was to preach at Anworth that day.

Mrs. Rutherford had forgotten the circumstance of the beggar of the night before; so what was her surprise, on attending church, to hear the preacher give out for his text the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and to open his discourse by remarking, "This may be called the *eleventh* commandment."

The beggar of Saturday night was the preacher of Sunday; and the preacher of Sunday was a no less man than Archbishop Usher, whose historical, religious and chronological works have made him so celebrated.—*Young Pilgrim*.

JESUS CHRIST.

THE inquiry often comes home, in these days of religious doubt and controversy, What is Jesus to us? how does he influence us, and what service does he render us and society? Extreme views prevail, from the wildest radicalism to the stiffest conservatism. Some call him God, others an erring man. To one party, Christianity is absolute Truth; to others, one out of many religions, and liable to error with the rest. Some pray to him directly; others cannot make up their minds to mention him even in their prayers to God. Some sing hymns to him as to a god, as in Pliny's day, while others consider him as worthy only of the respect due to any reformer, and class Jesus of Nazareth with Swedenborg or Channing.

Why should the name of Jesus be very dear to all struggling souls? The age is an enlightened one; but this spell still abides, and waxes stronger and wider with the flight of time. The passage of years does not dull this interest. As long as there is fire in the flint, or water in the stream, or sin in the souls of men, the name which is above every name will still hold human hearts to their allegiance. Renan; the learned Frenchman, writes his "Life;" but in spite of his Jewish bent and his ultra-radicalism, he gives profound respect to the Man of Calvary. Furness partly lifts the veil, but it is with a spirit almost of adoration, even while he converts Christianity into a system of naturalism.

What, then, is Jesus Christ to us? What office does he fulfil to our souls? What is he to the church, to society, to the future civilization of the world? On what grounds must we still feel constrained to honour, love and obey him, whether at the nineteenth or the nineteenth hundredth century?

The *personality* of Jesus is the first charm. He is a living, acting, loving, characteristic being. There is the flavour of will, love, history, fortune and misfortune in his career. There might have been just as much truth as there is now in the New Testament; but if it had been in the form merely of essays or of discussions, as in the works of Plato, Aristotle or Seneca, it would not have a tithe of the interest which it now pos-

sesses as a Life, a Personal History. Now the Truth lives and breathes before us. The page is wet now with tears and now with blood. The scene throbs with a hearty life-interest. When the child's question is put, "Is it true?" we are able to answer, "Yes, it is true; these events happened; Jesus lived, died, was buried, rose again, and ascended to heaven." There is the same evidence that these events occurred that there is that any historical events have happened. His religion is therefore dear to human hearts, and powerful, because it is life as well as truth; it is truth put in motion and dyed blood-red with a genuine existence among the sorrows, pains and trials of our mortal lot.

But the great fact still remains, that the *truth*, however taught—whether by word or deed—is here given to men. This makes the gospel new and fresh to-day as the morning dew on the latest blown rose. No rust is here, no mouldiness of years, no antiquity nor superannuated halt or limp of age. Jesus is ever young and ever new to our souls, because the truth is ever new and ever young. He can be the Father Confessor to the soul to-day as well as eighteen hundred years ago. He answers our doubts to-day. He speaks to our deepest spiritual consciousness. He kindles the heart and the conscience. What he teaches us of man, and God, and life, and good and evil, is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. He has not been outgrown or superseded by the wit, virtue, art, science, progress of all these centuries. Men still go to him for what is best. They can go nowhere else. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

But, again, it is not the truth alone that weaves this wondrous charm, but it is the truth on the highest and most necessary subjects—God, man, life, destiny, character, immortality, happiness, that compels human admiration. Many are disposed, in these days, to sum up in the word Atonement the main good Jesus does to the world; and if we could agree upon a meaning for this word Atonement sufficiently broad, perhaps we might say the same. The reconciling word—the word of explanation and union between heaven and earth, man and God, time

and eternity, body and soul, the individual and society—pronounce the word Atonement thus broad enough, and we might say, Yes; Jesus's great worth is in the Atonement. He utters not cold truth, or unimportant or unrelated truth, but the grandest, nearest, most vital and most essential truth; that which reveals our duty and destiny; that which unfolds the character of man and God; that which supplies the motive-powers and forces of a true life; that which gives the key to life's mysteries, clears up its darkness, and floods it with light from above. It is moral, spiritual truth which Jesus bears to the soul, and that is the very bread of life. All truth is valuable; this is of infinite worth. It immortalizes a man to give the world a true theory of the solar system; to prove the identity of lightning and electricity; to classify the flora or fauna of a country. Jesus rises heaven-high over all lower forms of truth, and reveals the law of the spirit of life. He teaches the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the immortality of the soul, the supreme obligation of duty, the purpose of the discipline of life. He came into the world to bear witness of the truth, that truth that shall make us free. Can any arithmetic of ours compute the value of that Teacher whose words are to be our guide, hope, joy and life, along the line of our never-ending-being? who, when ages upon ages have rolled away, will be still remembered by us as the being who, in this early morning of our existence, gave us a divine impulse to the right, the good, the true and the beautiful?

But more than his personality—more than his truth, or truth on the most important subjects—Jesus speaks with *certainly and authority*. He does not speculate, but reveal. He does not suggest or advise, but command. There are no *ifs*, no suppositions. His word is Yea, yea; nay, nay. He taught the people, as we are told early in his ministry, with authority—not as the Scribes and Pharisees. He spoke, not in his own name, but in the name of the great Father of all. He did not say, "This is truth which I have found out by my own wit or wisdom;" but, "It has been given me from the great Source of all for the welfare of mankind. The words that I speak unto

you, I speak not of myself, but the Father doeth the works." His mighty power over man and nature, his grand utterances of truth, his lofty standard of duty, his glowing inspiration, his far-reaching glance into the spirit-world—these say to us, in language not to be mistaken, Here is no mere man, no guileless youth of Galilee alone, no sage of deep research; here is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, the Teacher of all ages, Head of the church, Reformer of all nations, empowered by God with an awful and commanding authority to give an absolute and perfect religion to all mankind. Such a religion is, we believe, needed by the world. It has been the desire of all nations. It is as essential now as it ever was before. Men will not pay much attention to a mere self-authorized theorist, however wise or plausible he may be. How many of our community have even heard of the words of the Greek moralist Plato, or the Latin orator Cicero, so as to be able to repeat them by heart? But who has not heard, who cannot repeat, the words of Jesus? The humblest cottager in the Alps or Alleghanies has his Testament lying by him; but where, except in the libraries of the learned, can we find the morals of Aristotle or the maxims of Marcus Aurelius? They spoke from themselves; he spoke from God. They were from below, looking up; he was from above, looking down. He threw in the weight of a divine authority, to give pungency and power to the truth. And if any man says, "The truth is authority enough for me," we ask, How is it in the family? how is it in the state. Is the naked, unaided, unsupported truth enough there? No! authority sets home the duty of the child. Conscience and reason are not enough. Authority in the state commands five hundred thousand men. Mere reason, mere moral suasion would not be enough. God works alike in all his departments—the family, the state and the church.

But the crowning merit of Jesus to be mentioned—his love, pure, all-abounding and ever-living—has filled out his influence to its utmost power. This spirit of universal charity sits at the centre, and sends life and impulse into every word and deed. This quality advances his re-

ligion infinitely beyond the systems of morals and philosophy taught in Greece and Rome. What cared the sages and philosophers for the herd of mankind? What touch of pity at their ignorance and misery, what all-embracing sympathy flowed forth in the conversations of the Academy, the Porch, or the Lyceum? It was reserved for Jesus, the well-beloved Son of the Infinite Father of all, to approach men in such a spirit of kindness and benevolence as to melt the flinty heart and to reconcile the obstinate will. How tender was his compassion! How deep his sympathy with all forms of human suffering, physical or mental! The humblest, lowest, vilest, could not come near him, but what they felt this healing influence going forth to them. He loved all men. He was the Good Shepherd, and he knew his sheep, and loved them, and they knew his voice, and followed him. A living fire, never to be extinguished, glows, therefore, at the heart of Christianity, which gives life, and energy, and divine persuasiveness to all its doctrines, duties, promises and institutions. It is the love of Jesus which fulfils this office, an expression and outflowing of the love of God, and, like that, without end or bound. Hence upon this grand trunk the charities, graces, philanthropies, reforms and humanities of the Christian faith, green and wide-spreading branches from the parent stock, can never fade or die, because they are fed from a deep and indestructible life at the centre. Along this shining path of love sound the sweetest words ever heard by mortal ears, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and daily and hourly the whole world of men, with a divine gravitation, slowly tends nearer to Jesus and God and heaven by this overmastering magnetism of charity. The death, the life, the words, the miracles of Jesus, all are instinct with this genius of kindness. In the language of Mrs. Child, "The soul of Jesus, dwelling in a region of holiness, above the intellectual, had compassion on the multitude, was filled to overflowing with sympathy for the indigent, the afflicted and the erring. It was reserved for him to heal the broken-hearted, to preach a gospel to the poor, to say, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.'"

We read that the Catholic Church in these days is making unusual exertions to counteract the sceptical work of Renan, who was educated in their schools, by gorgeous ceremonies, by genuflections and adulations of Jesus, by lighted candles and kneeling multitudes, and all the grandeur and the display of the ritual of the church. May we not easily suppose that, instead of this hollow pageantry, the more sensible and direct way to honour Christ, and to confute his opponents, is to reveal his intellectual, moral and spiritual glory, to shew how clearly he taught the truth, how he saves men by love, how he died that we might live, and how he still loves us, and works for us in heaven, to draw all men to God and to happiness? If Christians wish to persuade men of the truth of Jesus, and lead them to obey him, love him, and believe in him, they must be themselves filled with his spirit of truth, love and power; they must be living epistles of his word. When the world can again exclaim, as of old, "See how these Christians love one another!" then the works of scepticism will vanish, and the veil will be not only partly but wholly lifted from the divine face of Jesus, and we shall read in every lineament and expression the glory of God.

If asked what is the greatest result of any one's ministry, we would say, in one word, to imbue mankind manfully with the spirit and faith of Jesus Christ. That done, and all is done. In our private lives, to do this is to plant the noblest and most purifying influence at the very centre of character and life.

No, it is no time now, and there never will come a time, when we can give up Christ and Christianity. There will always be work for them to do as long as the world stands; some evils to cure, some souls to save, some broken hearts to bind up. God be thanked for the unspeakable gift of his Son; and may he ever be spoken of with reverence, may his precious words be read and heard with wonder and gratitude, may his table be spread, and the precious memory of his dying love be kept fresh and bright for ever! His ministers are chiefly useful when they lead men to the feet of him who was meek and lowly of heart, and all toils and sacrifices that

accomplish this end are rewarded a hundred-fold by this success. The church that is founded on man is built on the sand, but the church that is founded on Christ is built on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.—*Christian Inquirer.*

FORMING A HABIT OF INDUSTRY.

How may a habit of industry, or love of useful employment, be most successfully cultivated in early youth?

"Indolence," says Dr. Dwight, "is original sin." There is certainly an aversion to application which is natural to children; nor do I think that a love of useful employment can be produced in a child until the habit is formed. When the habit of being employed is formed, the advantages resulting from it (of which even children may be generally sensible) may in time produce a love for employment.

The question then turns on this, "How may the habit be formed?" I answer, it may be formed by beginning with children while yet very young: setting them about doing little things within the scope of their powers—things which they may see and feel are "helping mamma." Endeavour to inspire them with the desire to be useful, and let them be made sensible that they are doing good. Long before they are capable of much mental effort, their little bodily powers may be turned to some account, and both physical and moral education would be progressing. I once heard a little boy, less than three years old, after making an effort to bring a few little sticks of wood, which he had been desired by his mother to do, say, "There, mamma, have not I done good use now?" The child was gratified in the sense of being useful, and who does not see that an important moral result was also attained—good feelings were cultivated?

In order to fix this habit, great attention and patience are requisite on the part of parents, and they must sometimes, from a sense of duty, do violence to their own feelings, and sometimes to the feelings of their children. I do not think that children will, of their own accord, set themselves about any useful employment, but need to be bidden; and we

should not wonder and fret impatiently at them for this. That may be called a good child who does as he is bidden. You may often find your child unwilling, but do not shrink from requiring what you think right and reasonable; depend on it, you will find yourself abundantly rewarded, not only in the sense of having performed your duty, but also in the happiness you will find your child is enjoying in consequence.

Parents must not only tell their children to do something, but *what to do*, and also patiently teach them *how to do it*. Until all this has been done, and perhaps more than once or twice, we must not reproach them with being idle or careless. And, in general, I have found from my own experience and observation, that this reproaching of children has a bad effect. I have been often struck with that text of Scripture which speaks of the Most High as giving wisdom "without upbraiding." Let us imitate our heavenly Father in our conduct towards our children in this particular.

I am satisfied that this business depends almost entirely on the parent, and especially on the mother, so that I am constrained to say, that when I have found my children idle, I could generally trace the fault to some negligence of my own.

TWO QUALITIES OF MEN.

THERE is a negativeness of character which is often mistaken for amiability, or impartiality, or some other kindred virtue. The person possessing it never takes sides on a question of importance enlisting the interest and action of men, and is equally well pleased whichever party wins in the contest. The future of the church, of the government, of society, of man, are of but little account to him, so that he is left undisturbed in his quiet, plodding, aimless journey through life. He avoids the opposition, strife and bitterness encountered by the positive man, but then he is practically, and for all useful purposes, nobody; accomplishes nothing in life, and dies to be forgotten as soon as he is buried.

On the other hand, there is a positiveness of character not unfrequently mistaken for hardness, selfishness, arrogance, querulousness. The positive man has a

purpose in life, and in all questions of great interest firmly plants himself on one side or the other, and will make himself unmistakably felt, whether the decision be for him or against his cherished view. All matters of public interest engage his best powers, and find in him either an earnest advocate or an active, persistent opponent. Men will call him hard names, and some will heartily hate him. But then he is a *force* in the world, and all there is of science, art, education, government, is attributable to him. While he lives, he is the only useful element in society; and after his death, even his enemies will rejoice at his virtues, and vie with his friends in their efforts to perpetuate his memory among men.

WATCH, MOTHER!

MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Rounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true!
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you yet may see,
Ripening for eternity.

He whose honest freedom makes it his virtue to speak what he thinks, makes it his necessity to think what is good.

It is not so much the difference of opinion that doth us the mischief, as the mismanagement of that difference.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

BACON ON THE TRINITY.—He observes, that a Christian "believes three to be one and one to be three; a father not to be older than his son; a son to be equal with his father; and one proceeding from both to be equal with both; he believing three persons in one nature, and two natures in one person. He believes a virgin to be a mother of a son; and that very son of hers to be her Maker. He believes Him to have been shut up in a narrow room whom heaven and earth could not contain. He believes Him to have been born in time who was and is from everlasting. He believes Him to have been a weak child, carried in arms, who is the Almighty; and Him once to have died, who only hath life and immortality in himself."—*Bacon's Works*, Vol. VII. p. 22, *Basil Montague's Edition*.

LOOKING AT HOME.—A clergyman had two daughters who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. Preaching on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice among other things pride in dress. After speaking some time, he suddenly stopped and said: "But you will say, Look at home! My good friends, I do look at home till my heart aches!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—"Opposite to godliness," he says, "is Atheism in profession and Idolatry in practice. Atheism is so senseless and odious to mankind, that it never had many professors. Can it be by accident that all birds, beasts and men, have their right side and left side alike shaped (except in their bowels), and just two eyes, and no more, on either side of the face; and just two ears on either side of the head, and a nose with two holes; and either two fore-legs or two wings, or two arms on the shoulders, and two legs on the hips, and no more? Whence arises this uniformity in all their outward shapes, but from the counsel and contrivance of an Author? Whence is it that the eyes of all sorts of living creatures are transparent to the very bottom, and the only transparent members in the body, having on the outside a hard transparent skin, and within transparent humours, with a crystalline lens in the middle, and a pupil before the lens, all of them so finely shaped and fitted for vision, that no artist can mend them? Did blind chance know that there was light, and what was its refraction, and fit the eyes of all creatures after the most curious manner to make use of it? These and such like considerations always have, and ever will prevail with mankind, to believe that there is a Being who made all things, and has all things in his power, and who is therefore to be feared."—*Brewster's Memoirs*, Vol. II. p. 347.

ACTION MEN'S SALVATION.—Men who have half-a-dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's

salvation, physical and mental. And yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something only if they like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a successful man. He is only truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

GOOD MANNERS—THE DIFFERENCE.—"Will you please to have this seat, sir? I prefer to stand," said a fine little boy, who was sitting in a pew, to an old gentleman who was standing in the aisle. "Thank you, my little man," said the gentleman, smiling very graciously upon the little fellow, "and you shall sit upon my knee, if you please." When the service closed, the gentleman inquired of him his name, and asked him, "Why did you give up your seat?" "Mother teaches me, sir," said he, "never to sit when an older person is standing near me."—Now look at another scene. "Will you let the ladies have seats, and you sit on the form yonder?" said a gentleman to four boys in a pew. "I shan't," says one. "They may sit on the form themselves, if they please," said another. Not one of them moved. All the people near turned and looked with surprise and disgust upon them. "They can't be Sabbath-school scholars," one remarked. "At any rate," another said, "they have had no good bringing up at home." Very soon the sexton came and ordered them all out of the pew. They were obliged to obey, and out they marched with their heads hanging down, looking so ashamed. Nobody, however, pitied them. Which example, children, is the most worthy of imitation—that of the polite boy, or of the four obstinate ones? And which honoured their parents most?—*Nation*.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A lady had two children, both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty and the mother's pet. Her whole love centred in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that love could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard little childish footsteps on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with her favourite. "Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired. "No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't Sweet; it's only me." The mother's heart smote her, and from that hour "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

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